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FRANK E. HOWE, Editor and Pub.

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THE THIRD YEAR

The great European war has now started on its third year. Two years ago on July 28th, Austria declared war against Serbia and the conflagration then started has raged with unbelievable ferocity from that time to this. Gradually more nations were involved until practically all the world is at war except the United States and the South American republics.

The end is not yet but there is some reason for believing that the later stages of the conflict are approaching. For two years the Germans and Austrians have forced the fighting and for two years they have failed to overcome their enemies. The initiative has now passed to the allies and it is their time to see if they can crush the central powers.

None of the nations at war are as strong as they were two years ago. All of them have strained their credit and inflated their currency and mortgaged their future to raise funds to keep the battle fires blazing. At the same time much of the best and strongest of their manhood has been wiped out of the two awful battle fronts.

France, Austria and Russia are in dire financial straits and France and Austria have practically called their last available men to the colors. According to apparently the best French and British authorities the recent great drive of the allies was hurried by several weeks because in the words of a French statesman, "France was bleeding to death at Verdun," and must have relief. The condition of Austria under the renewed Russian pressure is certainly none the less serious.

Even with the offensive in their hands the allies must make progress rapidly to win before their strength fails, while Germany must strain every nerve from now forward on both fronts to save herself from utter defeat. While the advantage seems with the allies it is not by any means sure that they are strong enough to win a decisive victory. With their armies attacking trench positions their loss will increase tremendously in proportion, and it is the best soldiers who are put forward in the hardest places and who suffer the most severe loss.

It is a long way to Berlin from either battle front, and inasmuch as neither belligerents has developed a great commander progress seems likely to be slow.

Many authorities agree that the war is now likely to last through another winter but it does not seem possible that men and money will enable the nations to hold out more than another year even if neither side is decisively beaten in that time. It seems probable that all of the nations at war would welcome peace but neither party has reached a point where it will confess its weakness by being first to ask armistice.

Why Coins Are Milled.

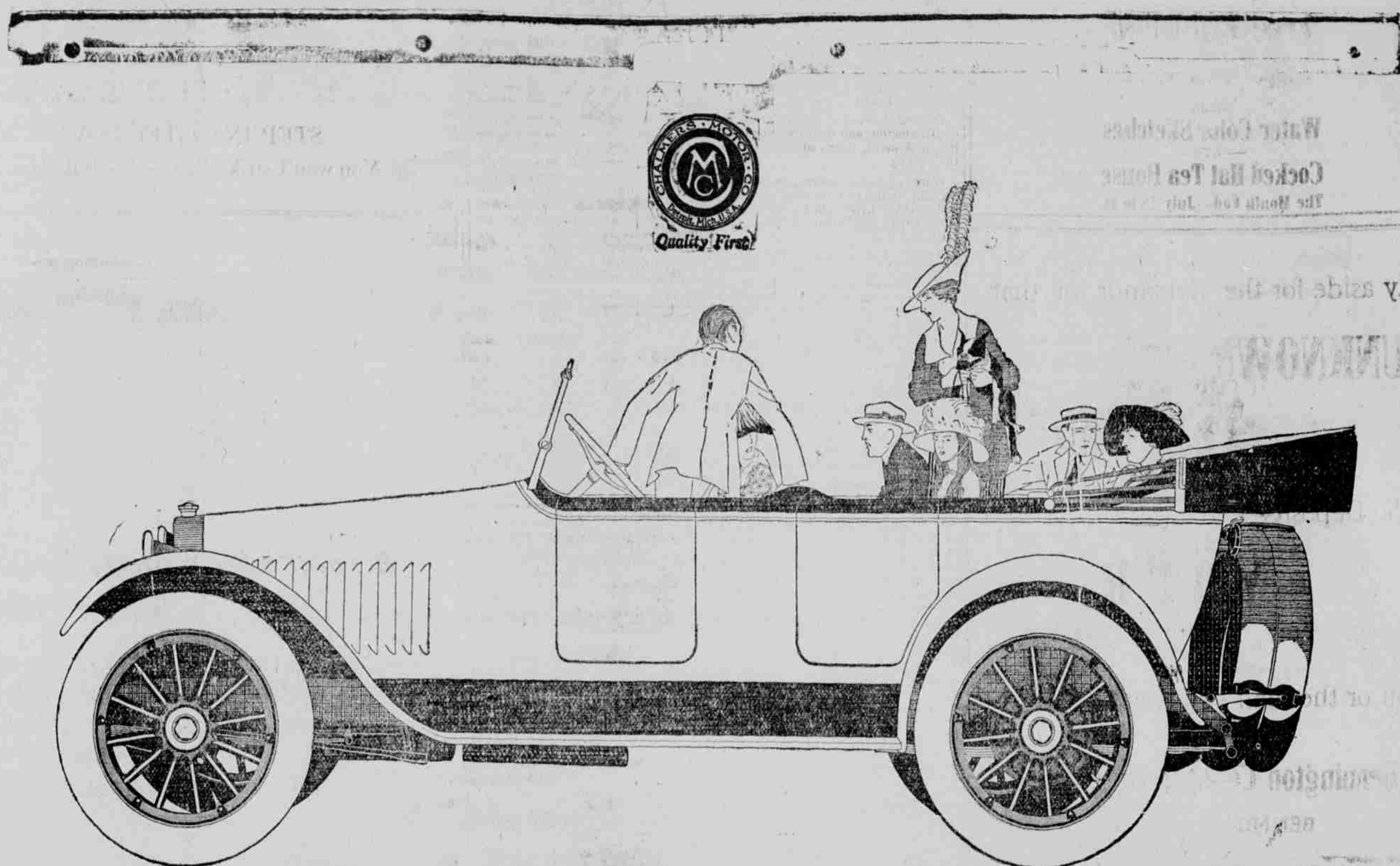
Did you ever look at the edge of a dime or quarter? They are different from pennies and nickels, for all silver and gold coins have what are called "milled" edges, while the edges of pennies and nickels are smooth. The reasons for this is that some dishonest persons used to chip pieces off the coins, especially the gold ones, and then sell these scraps of precious metal when they had saved a great many. Every year the nation lost large sums of money this way, and the thieves would smooth the edges off so well that it was hard to find out who was guilty. The best way of stopping this practice was found to be to "mill" the edges of the most valuable coins so that no one could pare them without letting it be seen at once. —Kansas City Star.

The Young Old Man.

Probably nothing in the world is as wholesome as seeing an old man thinking himself young. Truly, a man is only as old as he thinks. Sometimes, though, this tendency amounts to almost a frenzy and becomes wholly irreconcilable and beyond all reason.

A case in point is emphasized in a postal card received by the circulation department from an eighty-three-year-old subscriber down state: "Dear Sirs — Why can't you send me the sporting extra instead of this 5 o'clock regular?"

We have a mind that this youngster will rock the boat, splash the young women and cut up all manner of kid does on the trip across the river Styx! —Buffalo News.



Now for 1917

Another new 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, 7 passengers, 122-inch wheelbase, supreme beauty, \$1280 Detroit
And the original 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers, doubly refined, amazing performance, 115-inch wheelbase, \$1090 Detroit

Picture a giant of rare strength and ability, and clothe him in fine garments—and you have a mighty good picture of this new Chalmers—

the 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers with the 122-inch wheelbase, double cowl body and French pleated upholstery.

A good day's work was done when they made it. They took as a base the 1916 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers. A car that had 1,000,000 miles of record behind it. And a service mark of 99.21 percent perfect.

They didn't touch the 3400 r. p. m. power plant. They stood pat there.

And on this magnificent chassis they laid a body that surpasses the ordinary man's power of expression.

To describe this gorgeous body is like trying to describe a Rocky Mountain sunset. It's impossible.

You get an optic sensation that fills the mind with a picture you'll never forget.

Lines—ladies, they're so severely modern that at first the Chalmers people thought they'd have to change them—too far ahead of the procession.

But Mr. Chalmers finally said to go ahead. And he was right, because the first one that sailed up the avenue stopped traffic.

Men driving cars actually drove up ahead in front to see what car it was.

And performance—gentlemen! There's never been but one that could touch her—her 3400 r. p. m. sister.

She performs with a laugh. She has never refused me a hill. She has never failed to answer my every whim.

3400 r. p. m. is the reason.

But what I like most about her is the perfectly corking body.

I'm going to tell about one little feature of the body, and then you'll have to come and find the rest out for yourself.

It's about the upholstery. Now, there's been reams written and tons talked about upholstery. Some one once measured it in inches. Another described it in curlicue springs. Some one else reduced it to "real hair."

I don't know the thickness of it—and care less; but when I get in the tonneau and sit down I have a feeling that I never want to get out.

It fits the fat man as well as the thin man.

They're long pleats—French pleats—which say good-bye once and for all time to the "button and biscuit" kind.

She's a real car, gentlemen, and a wonderful value—\$1280 Detroit. You put away in your wardrobe the equivalent of four good suits of clothes, a couple of pairs of ten-dollar shoes, and a Knox hat when you lay down the money for her. You save about \$275.

Don't let me forget to call attention to her smaller sister—

the 1917 3400 r. p. m. Chalmers with the 115-inch wheelbase.

Because she's a 3400 r. p. m.'r, great on the hill, smooth in traffic, full of spunk any time any day.

She's just like her 1916 predecessor. Neither you nor I could tell the difference. And you're dead sure when you buy her because her record is as clear-cut as a cameo—1,000,000 miles of use with a service record of 99.21 percent perfect.

Both cars are ready. If you haven't seen them, you've missed a day's treat. Better than going to the art gallery.

"It Takes a Chalmers to Catch a Chalmers"

VERMONT AUTO SALES COMPANY

9 South Main Street

Brattleboro, Vt.

Call Brattleboro 678-W collect for demonstration.

BARNY E. MEAD, Manager